

Cornell University Library

BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME
FROM THE

SAGE ENDOWMENT FUND

THE GIFT OF

Henry W. Sage

1891

A.251705

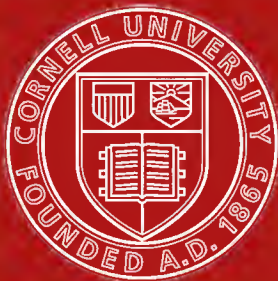
20.11.11

Cornell University Library
PR 2750.B62 1911

Lochrine, "newly set foorth, overscene, and



3 1924 013 134 352 olin, ove1



Cornell University
Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

<http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924013134352>

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Locrine

“*Newly set foorth, overseene, and corrected, by W. S.*”

Entered on the Stationers' books 1594

Date of only Known Early Edition 1595

[*B.M. Press-mark, C. 34, b. 28*]

Next issued in the third folio Shakespeare 1664

Also issued in the folio of 1685

Reproduced in Facsimile 1911

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Loocrine

“Newly set forth, overseene, and corrected, by W. S.”

1595

Shakespeare's Works

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXI

FS
en

Locrine

"Newly set foorth, overseene, and corrected, by W. S."

1595

The only known early edition of "Locrine" appeared in 1595. The editor of the first folio Shakespeare, issued in 1664, was the first to read "W. S." as the initials of the great Elizabethan dramatist.

Internal evidence seems to indicate the period of composition as some years before it was entered on the Stationers' Register in 1594—probably in 1587-8.

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copy, says:—
"'Locrine' . . . is quite excellent. Have noted all the flaws I could find.' The cases in point are: (1.) The top of ornament on title-page is 'slightly too heavy, but only slightly; on the whole excellent.' (2.) The ornament A 3, recto, is 'just a thought too heavy, otherwise admirable.' (3.) The smudged letters on B 2, recto ('a'), and on B 2, verso ('e'), are stained and perforated in original, but are quite legible, the stains being a pale brown. (4.) B 4, verso, is a little too faint. I see nothing in original to account for this; but it is only a slight fault, not significant in any way. (5) In the running headline of K 4, verso, the '. . . gedie of L . . .' is legible in original, but is covered with gelatine or something of the kind, and that has doubtless made the photo fail."

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE
Lamentable Tragedie of
Loocrine, the eldest sonne of King Brutus, discour-
sing the warres of the Britaines, and Hunnes,
with their discomfiture:

The Britaines victorie with their Accidents, and the
death of Albanaet. No lesse pleasant then
profitable.

Newly set forth, overseene and corrected,
By *W. S.*



LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede.
1595.



The lamentable Tragedie

of *Lochrine*, the eldest sonne of King *Brutus*, discour-
sing the warres of the *Britaines* and *Hunnes*,
with their discomfiture, the *Britaines* victory
with their accidents, and the death
of *Albanact*.

The first Act. Scene 1.

Enter *Atey* with thunder and lightning all in black,
with a burning torch in one hand, and a bloodie
swoord in the other hand, and presently let there
come foorth a Lion running after a Beare or any
other beast, then come foorth an Archer who
must kill the Lion in a dumbe show, and then de-
part. Remaine *Atey*.

Atey.

In panam sectatur & Vmbra.

A Mightie Lion ruler of the woods,
Of wondrous strength and great proportion,
With hideous noyse scarring the trembling trees,
With yelling clamors shaking all the earth,

A 3

Truerst

I trauerit the groues, and chaſt the wandring beaſts.
 Long did he raunge amid the ſhadie trees,
 And draue the ſilly beaſts before his face,
 When ſuddeinly from out a thornie buſh,
 A dreadfull Archer with his bow ybent,
 Wounded the Lion with a diſinall ſhaft,
 So he him ſtroke that it drew forth the blood,
 And ſild his furious heart with fretting yre,
 But all in vaine he threatneth teeth and pawes,
 And ſparkleth fire from forth his flaming eies,
 For the ſharpe ſhaft gaue him a mortall wound,
 So valiant *Brute* the terror of the world,
 Whoſe only lookes did ſcarre his enemies,
 The Archer death brought to his laſt end.
 Oh what may long abide about this ground,
 In ſtate of bliſſe and healthfull happineſſe.

Exit.

The firſt Act. Scene. 2.

Enter *Brutus* carried in a chaire, *Lochrine*, *Camber*, *Al-*
banact, *Corineius*, *Guendelin*, *Aſſaracus*, *Debon*, *Thra-*
ſimachus.

Brutus. Moſt loyall Lords and faithfull followers
 That haue with me vnworthie Generall,
 Paſſed the greedie gulfe of *Ocean*,
 Leauing the confines of faire *Italie*,
 Behold your *Brutus* draweth nigh his end,
 And I muſt leaue you though againſt my will,
 My ſinewes ſhrunke, my numbed ſences faile,
 A chilling cold poſſeſſeth all my bones,

Blacke

the eldest sonne of King Brutus.

Blacke vgly death with visage pale and wanne,
Presents himselfe before my dazeled eies,
And with his dart prepared is to strike,
These armes my Lords, these neuer daunted armes,
That oft haue queld the courage of my foes,
And eke dismayd my neighbours arrogancie,
Now yeeld to death, ore laid with crooked age,
Deuoyd of strength and of their proper force,
Euen as the lustie cedar worne with yeares,
That farre abroad her daintie odore throwes,
Mongst all the daughters of proud Lebanon,
This heart my Lords, this neare appalled heart,
That was a terror to the bordring lands,
A dolefull scourge vnto my neighbor Kings,
Now by the weapons of vnpartiall death,
Is cloue asunder and bereft of life,
As when the sacred oake with thunderbolts,
Sent from the fiery circuit of the heauens,
Sliding along the aires celestially valts,
Is rent and clouen to the verie rootes.
In vaine therefore I strangle with this foe,
Then welcome death, since God will haue it so.

Affar. Alasse my Lord, we sorrow at your case,
And greeue to see your person vexed thus,
But what so ere the fates determind haue,
It lieth not in vs to disanull,
And he that would annihilate his minde,
Soaring with *Icarus* too neare the Sunne,
May catch a fall with yoong *Bellerophon*,
For when the fatall sisters haue decreed
To seperate vs from this earthly mould,

No

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

No mortall force can countermaund their minds:
Then worthie Lord since ther's no way but one,
Cease your laments, and leaue your grievous mone.
Corin. Your highnesse knows how many victories
How many trophées I erected haue,
Tryumphantly in euery place we came
The Grecian Monarke warlike *Pandrasus*,
And all the crew of the Molossians,
Goffarius the arme strong King of *Gaules*,
And all the borders of great *Aquitane*,
Haue felt the force of our victorious armes,
And to their cost beheld our chiuallrie,
Where ere *Ancora* handmayd of the Sunne,
Where ere the Sun-bright gardiant of the day,
Where ere the ioyfull day with chearfull light,
Where ere the light illuminates the word,
The Troyans glorie flies with golden wings,
Wings that do soare beyond fell enuious flight,
The fame of *Brutus* and his followers
Pearceth the skies, and with the skies the throne
Of mightie *Ioue* Commaunder of the world,
Then worthie *Brutus*, leaue these sad laments,
Comfort your selfe with this your great renowne,
And feare not death though he seeme terrible.

Brutus. Nay *Corinus* you mistake my mynd
In construing wrong the cause of my complaints,
I feard to yeeld my selfe to fatall death,
Cod knowes it was the least of all my thought,
A greater care torments my verie bones,
And makes me tremble at the thought of it,
And in you Lordings doth the substance lie.

Thrafi-

the eldest sonne of King Brutus.

Thrafi. Most noble Lord, if ought your loyall
Accomplish may, to ease your lingring grief, (peers
I in the name of all protest to you,
That we will boldly enterprife the same,
Were it to enter to black *Tartarus*,
Where triple *Cerberus* with his venomous throte,
Scarreth the ghaosts with high resounding noyse,
Wele either rent the bowels of the earth,
Searching the entrails of the brutish earth,
Or with his *Ixions* ouerdaring soone,
Be bound in chaines of euerduring Steele.

Bru. Thē harken to your soueraigns latest words,
In which I will vnto you all vnfold,
Our royall mind and resolute intent,
When golden *Hebe* daughter to great *Ioue*,
Couered my manly cheeks with youthful downe,
Th'vnhappy slaughter of my lucklesse sire,
Droue me and old *Affarachus* mine came,
As exiles from the bounds of *Italy*,
So that perforce we were constrained to flie
To *Gracians* Monarke noble *Pandrasfus*,
There I alone did vndertake your cause,
There I restord your antique libertie,
Though *Grecia* fround, and all *Mollossia* stormd,
Though brane *Antigonus* with martiall band,
In pitched field encountred me and mine,
Though *Pandrasfus* and his contributories,
With all therout of their confederates,
Sought to deface our glorious memorie,
And wipe the name of *Troians* from the earth,
Him did I captiuat with this mine arme,

B

And

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

And by compulsion forst him to agree
To certain artickles which there we did propound,
From *Gracia* through the boisterous *Hellepont*,
We came vnto the fields of *Lestrigon*,
Whereas our brother *Corineus* was,
Which when we passed the *Cicillian* gulfe,
And so transfretting the *Illician* sea,
Arrited on the coasts of *Aquitane*,
Where with an armie of his barbarous *Gaules*
Goffarius and his brother *Gathelus*
Encountring with our hoast, sustaine the foile,
And for your sakes my *Turnus* there I lost,
Turnus that slew six hundreth men at armes
All in an houre, with his sharpe battle-axe,
From thence vpon the strons of *Albion*
To *Corus* haue happily we came,
And queld the giants, comne of *Albions* race,
With *Gogmagog* sonne to *Samotheus*,
The cursed Captaine of that damned crew,
And in that Ile at length I placed you,
Now let me see if my laborious toiles,
If all my care, if all my greeuous wounds,
If all my diligence were well imploid.

Corin. When first I followed thee & thine (brave
I hazarded my life and dearest blood, (king)
To purchase fauour at your princely hands,
And for the same in dangerous attempts
In sundry conflicts and in diuers broiles,
I shewd the courage of my manly mind,
For this I combated with *Gathelus*,
The brother to *Goffarius* of *Gaul*,

For

the eldest sonne to King Brutus.

For this I fought with furious *Gogmagog*,
A sauage captaine of a sauage crew,
And for thedeeds braue *Cornwale* I receiu'd,
A gratefull gift giuen by a gracious King,
And for this gift, this life and dearest blood,
Will *Corineus* spend for *Brutus* good.

Deb. And what my frend braue prince hath vould
The same wil *Debon* do vnto his end. (to you,

Bru. Then loyall peeres since you are all agreed,
And resolute to follow *Brutus* hoasts,
Fauour my sonnes, fauour these *Orphans* Lords,
And shield them from the daungers of their foes,
Locrine the columnne of my familie,
And onely pisser of my weakned age.

Locrine draw neare, draw neare vnto thy fire,
And take thy latest blessings at his hands,
And for thou art the eldest of my sonnes,
Bethou a captaine to thy bretheren,
And imitate thy aged fathers steps,
Which will conduct thee to true honors gate,
For if thou follow sacred vertues lore,
Thou shalt be crowned with a lawrell braunch,
And weare a wreath of sempiternall fame,
Sorted amongst the glorious happie ones.

Locrin. If *Locrine* do not follow your aduise,
And beare himselfe in all things like a prince
That seekes to amplifie the great renowne
Left vnto him for an inheritance
By those that were his ancestors,
Let me be flung into the Ocean,
And swallowed in the bowels of the earth.

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine,
Or let the ruddle lightning of great Ioue,
Descend vpon this my deuoltd head.

Brutus taking Guendoline by the hand.
But for I see you all to be in doubt,
who shall be matched with our royall sonne,
Locrine receiue this present at my hand,
A gift more rich then are the wealthie mines
Found in the bowels of *America*,
Thou shalt be spoused to faire *Guendoline*,
Loue her, and take her, for she is thine owne,
If so thy vnckle and her selfe do please.

Corin. And herein how your highnes honors me
It cannot be in my speech exprest,
For carefull parents glorie not so much
At their honour and promotion,
As for to see the issue of their blood
Seated in honor and prosperitie.

Guend. And far be it from my maydens thoughts
To contradict her aged fathers will,
Therefore since he to whom I must obey
Hath giuen me now vnto your royall selfe,
I will not stand aloofe from off the lure,
Like craftie dames that most of all deny
That, which they most desire to possesse.

Brutus turning to Locrine.

Locrine kneeling.

Then now my sonne thy part is on the stage,
For thou must beare the person of a King.

Put the Crowne on his head.

Locrine stand vp, and weare the regall Crowne,
And thinke vpon the state of Maiestie,

That

the eldest sonne of King Brutus.

That thou with honor well maist weare the crown,
And if thou tendrest these my latest words,
As thou requirist my soule to beat rest,
As thou delirest thine owne securitie,
Cherish and loue thy new betrothed wife.

Locrin. No longer let me wel enioy the crowne,
Then I do peerlesse *Guendoline*.

Brut. *Camber.*

Cam. My Lord.

Brut. The glorie of mine age,
And darling of thy mother *Iunoger*,
Take thou the South for thy dominion,
From thee there shall proceed a royall race,
That shall maintaine the honor of this land,
That sway the regall scepter with their hands.

Turning to *Albanact*.

And *Albanact* thy fathers onely ioy,
Yoongst in yeares, but not the yoongst in mind,
A perfect patterne of all chiuallrie,
Take thou the North for thy dominion,
A country full of hills and ragged rockes,
Replenished with scarce vntamed beasts,
As correspondent to thy martiall thoughts,
Liue long my sonnes with endlesse happinesse,
And beare firme concordance amongst your selues,
Obey the counsels of these fathers graue,
That you may better beare out violence,
But suddainly through weaknesse of my age,
And the defect of youthfull puissance,
My maladie increaseth more and more,
And cruell death hastneth his quickned pace,

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

To dispossesse me of my earthly shape,
Mine eies wax dimme, ouercast with clouds of age,
The pangs of death compasse my crazed bones,
Thus to you all my blessings I bequeath,
And with my blessings, this my fleeting soule.
My glasse is runne, and all my miseries
Do end with life : death closeth vp mine eies,
My soule in haste flies to the Elisian fields.

He dieth.

Loc. Accursed starres, damd and accursed starres,
To abreuiate my noble fathers life,
Hard-harted gods, and too enuious fates,
Thus to cut off my fathers fatall thred,
Brutus that was a glorie to vs all,
Brutus that was a terror to his foes,
Alasse too soone by *Demigorgons* knife,
The martiall *Brutus* is bereft of life.
No sad complaints may moue iust *Lacus*.

Corin. No dreadfull threats can feare iudge *Rho-*
Wert thou as strong as mightie *Hercules*, (*domanth*,
That tamde the hugie monsters of the world,
Plaidst thou as sweet, on the sweet sounding lute,
As did the spouse of faire *Euridies*,
That did enchant the waters with his noise,
And made stones, birds, and beasts, to lead a dance,
Constrained the hillie trees to follow him,
Thou couldst not moue the iudge of *Crebus*,
Nor moue compalsion in grimme *Plutos* heart,
For fata!! *Mors* expecteth all the world,
And euerie man must tread the way of death,
Braue *Tantalus* the valiant *Pelops* sire,

Guest

the eldest sonne of King Brutus.

Guest to the gods, suffred vntimely death,
And old *Fleibonius* husband to the morne,
And eke grim *Minos* whom iust *Iupiter*
Deign'd to admit vnto his sacrifice,
The thundring trumpets of blood-thirstie *Mars*.
The fearfull rage of fell *Tisiphone*.
The boistrous waues of humid Ocean,
Are instruments and tooies of dismall death.
Then noble cousin cease to mourne his chaunce,
Whose age & yeares were signes that he shuld die.
It resteth now that we interre his bones,
That was a terror to his enemies.
Take vp the coarſe, and princes hold him dead,
Who while he liu'd, vpheld the *Troyan* state.
Sound drums and trumpets, march to *Troinouant*,
There to prouide our chieftaines funerall.

The first Act. Scene 3.

Enter *Strumbo* aboue in a gowne, with inke and paper in his hand, saying;

Strum. Either the foure elements, the seuen planets and all the particuler starres of the pole Antastick, are aduersatiue against me, or else I was begotten and borne in the wane of the Moone, when euerie thing as saith *Lactantius* in his fourth booke of Consultations dooth say, goeth asward. I maiſters I, you may laugh, but I must weepe; you may ioy, but I must sorrow; sheading salt teares from the warrie fountaines of my moſte daintie faire eies, along my comely and smooth cheeks, in as great

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

great plentie as the water runneth from the bu-
kingtubbes, or red wine out of the hogs heads : for
trust me gentlemen and my verie good friends, and
so forth : the little god , may the desperate god *Cu-*
prip, with one of his vengible birdbolts, hath shor
me vnto the heele : so not onlie , but also , oh fine
phrase, I burne, I burne , and I burne a , in loue, in
loue, and in loue a, ah *Strumbo* what hast thou seen,
not *Dina* with the *Assie Tom* ? Yea with these eies
thou hast seene her, and therefore pull them out: for
they will worke thy bale. Ah *Strumbo* hast thou
heard, not the voice of the Nightingale, but a voice
sweeter then hers , yea with these eares, hast thou
heard them, and therefore cut them off , for they
haue caused thy sorrow. Nay *Strumbo* kill thy selfe,
drowne thy selfe, hang thy selfe, sterue thy selfe. Oh
but then I shall leaue my sweet heart. Oh my heart,
Now pate for thy maister , I will dte an aliquant
loue-pistle to her , and then she hearing the grand
verbofitie of my scripture, will loue me presently.

Let him write a litle and then read.

My penne is naught , gentlemen lend me a knife, I
thinke the more haste the worst speed.

Then write againe, and after read.

So it is mistresse *Dorothie* , and the sole essence of
my soule, that the little sparkles of affection kindled
in me towards your sweet selfe, hath now increased
to a great flame, and will ere it be long consume my
poore heart , except you with the pleasant water of
your secret fountaine , quench the furious heate of
the same. Alasse I am a gentleman of good fame, and
name,

the eldest sonne of King Brutus.

name, maiesticall, in parrell comely, in gate portlie.
Let not therefore your gentle heart be so hard as to
despise a proper tall yoong man of a handsome life,
and by despising him, not onlie, but also to kill him.
Thus expecting time and tide, I bid you farewell.
Your servant, *Signior Strumbo*.

Oh wit, Oh pate, O memorie, Oh hand, O incke,
O paper. Well now I will send it away. *Trompart*,
Trompart, what a villaine is this? Why sirra, come
when your maister calls you. *Trompart*.

Trompart entring faith;

Anon sir.

Strumbo. Thou knowest my prettie boy what a
good maister I haue bene to thee euer since I tooke
thee into my seruice.

Trom. I sir.

Strum. And how I haue cherished thee alwales,
as if you had bene the fruit of my loines, flesh of my
flesh, and bone of my bone?

Trom. I sir.

Strum. Then shew thy selfe herein a trustie ser-
uant, and carriethis letter to mistresse *Dorothie*, and
tell her. (Speaking in his eare.

Exit Trompart.

Strum. Nay maisters you shall see a marriage by
and by. But here she comes. Now must I frame my
amorous paffions.

Enter *Dorothie* and *Trompart*.

Doro. *Signior Strumbo*, well met, I receiued your
letters by your man here, who told mee a pittifull
storie of your anguish, and so vnderstanding your
paffions

C

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

passions were so great, I came hither speedily.

Strum. Oh my sweet and pigſney, the fecunditie of my ingenie is not so great, that may declare vnto you the sorrowful sobs and broken sleeps, that I suffered for your sake; and therefore I desire you to receiue me into your familiaritie.

*For your loue doth lie,
As neare and as nigh:
Vnto my heart within,
As mine eye to my nose,
My legge vnto my hofe,
And my flesh vnto my skin.*

Dor. Truly M.*Strumbo*, you speake too learnedly for mee to vnderstand the drift of your mind, and therefore tell your tale in plaine termes, and leaue off your darke riddles.

Strum. Alasse mistresse *Dorothie* this is my lucke, that when I most would, I cannot be vnderstood: so that my great learning is an inconuenience vnto me. But to speake in plaine termes, I loue you mistresse *Dorothie*, if you like to accept me into your familiaritie.

Dor. If this be all I am content.

Turning to the people.

Strum. Saist thou so sweet wench, let me lick thy toes. Farwell mistresse. If any of you be in loue, provide ye a capcase full of new coined wordes, and then shall you soone haue the *succado de labres*, and something else.

(*Exeunt.*)

The

the eldest sonne to King Brutus.

The first Act. Scene 4.

*Enter Locrine, Guendoline, Camber, Albanaet, Corineus,
Assaracus, Debon, Thrasimachus.*

Locrine. Vncle and princes of braue *Britany*,
Since that our noble father is intombd;
As best becomed so braue a prince as he,
If so you please, this day my loue and I,
Within the temple of *Concordia*,
Will solemnize our roiall marriage.

Thra. Right noble Lord, your subiects euery one,
Must needs obey your highnesse at commaund,
Especially in such a cause as this,
That much concerns your highnesse great content.

Locr. Then frolick lordings to fair *Concord*s wals,
Where we will passe the day in knightly sports,
The night in dauncing and in figured maskes,
And offer to God *Risus* all our sports.

Exeunt.

The 2. Act. Scene 1.

Enter Ate as before, after a litle lightning and thundring, let there come forth this show. *Perseus* and *Andromeda*, hand in hand, and *Cepheus* also with swords and targets. Then let there come out of an other doore, *Phineus*, all blacke in armour, with *Aethiopians* after him, driuing in *Perseus*, and hauing taken away *Andromeda*, let them depart. *Ate* remaining, saying;

Ate. *Regit omnia numen.*

C 2

When

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine,
 When *Perseus* married faire *Andromeda*,
 The onlie daughter of king *Cepheus*,
 He thought he had establiht well his Crowne,
 And that his kingdome should for aie endure.
 But loe proud *Phineus* with a band of men,
 Contriu'd of sun-burnt *Aethiopians*:
 By force of armes the bride he tooke from him,
 And turnd their ioy into a flood of teares.
 So fares it with yoong *Locrine* and his loue;
 He thinkes this marriage tendeth to his weale,
 But this foule day, this foule accursed day,
 Is the beginning of his miseries.
 Behold where *Humber* and his *Scythians*
 Approcheth nigh with all his warlike traine,
 I need not I, the sequel shall declare,
 What tragicke chances fall out in this warre.

The 2. Scene.

Enter *Humber*, *Hubba*, *Estrile*, *Segar*, and their soldiers.

Hum. At length the snail doth clime the highest
 Ascending vp the stately castle walls, (tops,
 At length the water with continuall drops,
 Doth penetrate the hardest marble stone,
 At length we are arriued in *Albion*,
 Nor could the barbarous *Dacian* foueraigne,
 Nor yet the ruler of brane *Belgia*
 Staie vs from cutting ouer to this Ile;
 Whereas I heare a troope of *Phrygians*
 Vnder the conduct of *Postumus* sonne,
 Haue pitched vp lordly pauillions,

And

the eldest sonne of King Brutus.

And hope to prosper in this louely Ile:
But I will frustrate all their foolish hope,
And teach them that the *Scythian* Emperour
Leades fortune tied in a chaine of gold,
Constraining her to yeeld vnto his will,
And grace him with their regall diademe:
Which I will haue maugre their treble hoasts,
And all the power their pettie kings can make.

Hubba. If she that rules faire *Rhannis* golden gate
Graunt vs the honour of the victorie,
As hitherto she alwaies fauourd vs,
Right noble father, we will rule the land,
Enthronized in seates of *Topaze* stones,
That *Lochrine* and his brethren all may know,
None must be king but *Humber* and his sonne.

Hum. Courage my sonne, fortune shall fauour vs,
And yeeld to vs the coronet of bay,
That decketh none but noble conquerours:
But what saith *Estrild* to these regions?
How liketh she the temperature thereof,
Are they not pleasant in her gracious cies?

Astr. The plaines my Lord garnisht with *Floras*
And ouerspred with party colored flowers, (welth
Do yeeld sweet contentation to my mind,
The aierie hills enckosd with shadie groues,
The groues replenisht with sweet chirping birds,
The birds resounding heavenly melodie,
Are equall to the groues of *Thessaly*,
Where *Phabus* with the learned Ladies nine,
Delight themselves with musicke harmonic,
And from the moisture of the mountaine tops,

The Lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

The silent springs daunce downe with murmuring
And water al y^e ground with cristal waues, (streams,
The gentle blasts of *Eurus* modest winde,
Mouing the pittering leaues of *Siluanes* woods,
Do equall it with *Tempes* paradise,
And thus comforted all to one effect,
Do make me think these are the happie Iles,
Most fortunate, if *Humber* may them winne.

Hubba. Madam, where resolution leads the way,
And courage followes with imboldened pace,
Fortune can neuer vse her tyrannie,
For valiantnesse is like vnto a rocke
That standeth in the waues of Ocean,
Which though the billowes beat on euery side,
And *Borras* fell with his tempestuous stormes,
Bloweth vpon it with a hideous clamour,
Yet it remaineth still vnmoouable.

Hum. Kingly resolu'd thou glorie of thy sire,
But worthie *Segar* what vncouth nouelties
Bringst thou vnto our royall maiestie?

Seg. My Lord, the yoongest of all *Brutus* sonnes,
Stout *Albanact*, with millions of men,
Approcheth nigh, and meaneth ere the morne,
To trie your force by dint of fatall sword.

Hum. Tut let him come with millions of hostes,
He shall find entertainment good inough,
Yea fit for those that are our enemies:
For weell receiue them at the launces points,
And massaker their bodies with our blades:
Yea though they were in number infinit,
More then the mightie Babilonian queene,

Semiramis

the eldest sonne of King Brutus.

Semiramis the ruler of the West,
Brought gainst the Emperour of the Scythians,
Yet would we not start back one foote from them:
That they might know we are inuincible.

Hub. Now by great *Ioue* the supreme king of hea-
And the immortall gods that liue therein, (uen,
When as the morning shewes his chearfull face,
And *Lucifer* mounted vpon his steed,
Brings in the chariot of the golden sunne,
He meet yong *Albanaet* in the open field,
And crack my launce vpon his burgance,
To triethe valour of his boyish strength:
There will I shew such ruthfull spectacles
And cause so great effusion of blood,
That all his boyes shall wonder at my strength:
As when the warlike queene of *Amazon*,
Penthesilea armed with her launce,
Girt with a corslet of bright shining Steele,
Coupt vp the fainthart *Græcians* in the campe.

Hum. Spoke like a warlike knight my noble son,
Nay like a prince that seekes his fathers ioy,
Therefore to morrow ere faire *Titan* shine,
And bashfull *Eos* messenger of light:
Expells the liquid sleep from out mens eyes,
Thou shalt conduct the right wing of the hoste,
The left wing shall be vnder *Segars* charge,
The reareward shall be vnder me my selfe,
And louely *Estrild* faire and gracious,
If fortune fauour me in mine attempts,
Thou shalt be queene of louely *Albion*,
Fortune shall fauour me in mine attempts,

And

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

And make the Queene of louely Albion.
Come let vs in and muster vp pur traine,
And furnish vp our lustie souldiers,
That they may be a bullwark to our state,
And bring our wished ioyes to perfect end.

The 2. Scene.

Enter *Strumbo*, *Dorothie*, *Trompart* cobling shooes
and singing.

Trum. We Coblers lead a merie life,

All. Dan, dan, dan, dan:

Strum. Void of all ennie and of strife:

All. Dan diddle dan.

Dor. Our ease is great, our labour small:

All. Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Strum. And yet our gaines be much withall:

All. Dan diddle dan.

Dor. With this art so fine and faire:

All. Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Trum. No occupation may compare

All. Dan diddle dan:

Strum. For merie pastime and ioyfull glee:

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. Most happie men we Coblers bee:

Dan diddle dan.

Trum. The can stands full of nappie ale,

Dan: dan: dan: dan:

Strum. In our shop still withouten faile:

Dan diddle dan.

Dor. This is our meate, this is our foode:

Dan: dan: dan: dan:

Trum.

the eldest sonne of King Brutus.

Trum. This brings vs to a mery mood:

Dan didle dan.

Strum. This makes vs worke for companie:

Dan, dan, dan, dan:

Dor. To pull the tankards cheerfully:

Dan didle dan.

Trum. Drinke to thy husband *Dorothie*,

Dan, dan, dan, dan:

Dor. Why then my *Strumbo*ther's to thee:

Dan didle dan:

Strum. Drinke thou the rest *Trumpart* amaine:

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. When that is gone weell fild againe,

Dan didle dan.

Cap. The poorest state is farthest from annoy,

How merily he sitteth on his stoole:

But when he sees that needs he must be prest,

Heele turne his note and sing another tune,

Ho, by your leaue maister Cobler:

Stru. You are welcom gentleman, what wil you
any olde shooes or buskins, or will you haue your
shooes clouted, I will do them as well as any Cobler
in *Cathues* whatsoeuer?

Captaine shewing him presse mony.

O maister Cobler you are farre deceiued in mee,
for don you see this? I come not to buy any shooes,
but to buy your selfe; come sir you must be a souldi-
er in the kings cause.

Strum. Why bur heare you sir, has your king a-
ny commission to take any man against his will. I
promise you I can scant beleue it, or did hee giue

D

you

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

you commission?

Cap. O sir, ye neede not care for that, I neede no commission: hold here, I command you in the name of our king *Albanact*, to appeare to morrow in the towne-house of *Cathnes*.

Strum. King Naſtabell, Icrie God mercy, what haue we to doo with him, or he with vs? but you sir maſter capoutaile, draw your paſteboard, or elſe I promiſe you, Ile giue you a canuaſado with a baſtinao ouer your ſhoulders, and teach you to come hither with your implements.

Cap. I pray thee good fellow be content, I do the kings commaund.

Strum. Put me out of your booke then.

Cap. I may not.

Strumbo ſnatching vp a ſtaffe.

No will, come ſir will your ſtomacke ſerue you, by gogs blew hood and halidom, I will haue about with you.

Fight both.

Enter *Thraſimachus*.

How now, what noyſe, what ſodain clamors this?
How now, my captain and the cobbler ſo hard at it?
Sirs what is your quarrell?

Cap. Nothing ſir, but that he will not take preſſe
(mony.

Thra. Here good fellow take it at my command,
Vnleſſe you meane to be ſtrecht.

Strum. Truly maſter gentleman, I lacke no mony,
if you pleaſe I will reſigne it to one of theſe poore
fellowes.

the eldest sonne of King Brutus.

fellowes.

Thras. No such matter,
Looke you be at the common house to morrow.
Exit Thrasimachus and the captaine.

Strum. O wife I haue spunne a faire thredde, if I
had bene quiet, I had not bene prest, and therefore
well may I wayment; But come sirrha shut vp, for
we must to the warres.

Exeunt.

The 4. Scene.

*Enter Albanact, Debon, Thrasimachus,
and the Lords.*

Alba. Braue cauileres, princes of *Albany*,
Whose trenchant blades with our deceased sire,
Passing the frontiers of braue *Gracia*,
Were bathed in our enemies lukewarme blood,
Now is the time to manifest your wills,
Your hautie mindes and resolutions,
Now opportunitie is offred
To trie your courage and your earnest zeale,
Which you alwaies protest to *Albanact*,
For at this time, yea at this present time,
Stout fugitiues come from the Scithians bounds
Haue pestred euerie place with mutinies:
But trust me Lordings I will neuer cease
To persecute the rascall runnagates,
Till all the riuers stained with their blood,
Shall fully shew their fatal ouerthrow.

D 2

Debon.

The lamentable Tragedie of Loocrine

Deb. So shal your highnes merit great renowne,
And imitate your aged fathers steppes. (plaines?

Alba. But tell me cousin, camst thou through the
And sawst thou there the faint heart fugitiues
Mustring their weather-beaten souldiers,
What order keep they in their marshalling?

Thra. After we past the groues of *Caledone*,
Where murmuring riuers slide with silent streames
We did behold the stragling Scythians campe,
Repleat with men, storde with munition;
There might we see the valiant minded knights
Fetchling carriers along the spacious plaines,
Humber and *Hubb*, arm'd in azure blew,
Mounted ypon their coursers white as snow,
Went to behold the pleasant flowring fields;
Hector and *Troialus*, *Prianus* louely sonnes,
Chasing the Græcians ouer *Simoeis*,
Were not to be compared to these two knights.

Alba. Well hast thou painted out in eloquence
The portraiture of *Humber* and his sonne;
As fortunate as was *Policrates*,
Yet should they not escape our conquering swords,
Or boast of ought but of our clemencie.

Enter *Strumbo* and *Trampart*, crying often;
Wilde fire and pitch, wilde fire and pitch, &c.

Thra. What sirs what mean you by these clamors
Those outcries raised in our stately court? (made,

Strum. Wilde fire and pitch, wilde fire and pitch.

Thra. Villaines I say, tell vs the cause hereof?

Strum. Wilde fire and pitch, &c. (noise,

Thra. Tell me you villaines, why you make this
Or

the eldest sonne to King Brutus.

Or with my launce I will prick your bowels out.

Al. Where are your houses, wher's your dwelling
(place?)

Strum. Place, Ha, ha, ha, laugh, a moneth and a day at him; place, I cry God mercy, why doo you think that such poore honest mē as we be, hold our habitacles in kings pallaces: Ha? ha, ha. But because you seeme to be an abhominable chieftaine, I wil tel you our state.

From the top to the toe,
From the head to the shoe;
From the beginning to the ending,
From the building to the burning.

This honest fellow and I had our mansion cottage in the suburbes of this citie, hard by the temple of *Mercury*. And by the common souldiers of the Shitens, the Scithians; what do you call them? with all the suburbes were burnt to the ground, and the ashes are left there, for the countrie wiues to wash buckes withall. And that which greeues me most, my louing wife, O cruell strife; the wicked flames did roast.

And therefore captaine crufft,
We will continuallie crie,
Except you seeke a remedie
Our houses to redifie
Which now are burnt to dust.

Beth cry; Wild fire and pitch, wild fire and pitch.

D 3

Alba.

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

Alba. Well we must remedie these outrages,
And throw reuenge vpon their hatefull heads,
And you good fellowes for your houses burnt,
We will remunerate you store of gold,
And build your houses by our pallace gate.

Strumbo. Gate, O pettie treason to my person, no
where else but by your backside; gate, oh how I am
vexed in my collar; gate, I crie God mercie, doo you
hear master king? If you mean to gratifie such poore
men as we bee, you must build our houses by the
Tauerne.

Alba. It shall be done sir.

Strum. Neare the Tauerne, I by ladie sir it was
spoken like a good fellow. Do you heare sir, when
our house is builded, if you do chance to passe or re-
passe that way, we will bestowe a quart of the best
wine vpon you?

Exit.

Alb. It grieues me lordings that my subiects goods
Should thus be spoiled by the Scithians,
Who as you see with lightfoote forragers
Depopulate the places where they come,
But cursed *Humber* thou shalt rue the day
That ere thou camst vnto *Cathnesia*.

Exeunt.

The 2. Act. Scene 5.

Enter *Humber*, *Hubba*, *Segar*, *Trussier*, and
their souldiers.

Hum. *Hubba*, go take a coronet of our horse
As many launciers, and light armed knights
As may suffice for such an enterprise,

And

the eldest sonne of King Brutus.

And place them in the groue of *Caledon*,
VWith these, when as the skirmish doth encrease
Retire thou from the sheltiers of the wood,
And set vpon the weakened Troians backs,
For pollicie ioyned with chiuallrie
Can neuer be put back from victorie.

Exit.

Albanact enter and say, clownes with him.

Thou base borne *Hunne*, how durst thou be so bold
As once to menace warlike *Albanact*?
The great commander of these regions,
But thou shalt buy thy rashnesse with thy death,
And rue too late thy ouer bold attempts,
For with this sword this instrument of death,
That hath bene drenched in my foe-mens blood,
Ile separate thy bodie from thy head,
And let that coward blood of thine abroach.

Strum. Nay with this staffe great *Strumbos* instrumēt
Ile crack thy cockscome paltry Scithian. (ment,

Hum. Nor wreake I of thy threats thou princōx
Nor do I feare thy foolish insolencie, (boy,
And but thou better vse thy bragging blade,
Then thou doest rule thy ouerflowing toong,
Superbious Brittainē, thou shalt know too soone
The force of *Humber* and his Scithians.

Let them fight.

Humber and his souldiers runne in.

Strum. O horrible, terrible.

The

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

The sixth Act.

Sound the alarme.

Enter *Humber* and his souldiers.

Hum. How brauely this yoong Brittain *Albanaet*
Darteth abroad the thunderbolts of warre,
Beating downe millions with his furious moode;
And in his glorie triumphs ouer all,
Mouing the massie squadrants of the ground;
Heape hills on hilis, to scale the starrie skie,
When *Briareus* armed with an hundreth hands
Floong forth an hundreth mountains at great *Ioue*,
And when the monstrous giant *Monichus*
Hurd mount *Olimpus* at great *Mars* his targe,
And shot huge cedars at *Mineruas* shield;
How doth he ouerlooke with hautie front
My fleeting hostes, and lifts his loftie face
Against vs all that now do feare his force,
Like as we see the wrathfull sea from farre
In a great mountaine heapt with hideous noise
VVith thousand billowes beat against the ships,
And tosse them in the waues like tennis balls.

Sound the alarme.

Humb. Ay me, I feare my *Hubba* is surprisde.

Sound againe; Enter *Albanaet*.

Alba. Follow me souldiers, follow *Albanaet*;
Pursue the Scythians flying through the field:
Let none of them escape with victorie:
That they may know the Brittaines force is more
Then al the power of the trembling *Hunnes*. (chase,

Thra. Forward braue souldiers, forward keep the
He

the eldest sonne to King Brutus.

He that takes captiue *Humber* or his sonne,
Shall be rewarded with a crowne of gold.

Sound alarme, then let them fight, *Humber* giue
backe, *Hubba* enter at their backs, and kill *Debon*, let
Strumbo fall downe, *Albanact*. run in, and afterwards
enter wounded.

Alba. Iniurious fortune hast thou crost methus?
Thus in the morning of my victories,
Thus in the prime of my felicitie
To cut me off by such hard ouerthrow;
Hadst thou no time thy rancor to declare,
But in the spring of all my dignities?
Hadst thou no place to spit thy venome out
But on the person of yong *Albanact*?
I that ere while did scare mine enemies,
And droue them almost to a shamefull flight,
I that ere while full lion-like did fare
Amongst the dangers of the thick throngd pikes,
Must now depart most lamentably slaine
By *Humbers* trecheries and fortunes spights:
Curst be their charms, damned be her cursed charms
That doth delude the waiward harts of men,
Of men that trust vnto her fickle wheele,
Which neuer leaueth turning vpside downe.
O gods, O heauens, allot me but the place
Where I may finde her hatefull mansion,
He passe the Alpes to watry *Meroe*,
Where fierie *Fhaebus* in his charriot
The wheels wherof are deckt with Emeraldes,
Cast such a heate, yea such a scorching heate,
And spoileth *Flora* of her cheequered grasse,

E

Ile

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

He ouerrun the mountaine *Caucasus*,
Where fell *Chimæra* in her triple shape
Rolleth hot flames from out her monstrous panch,
Scaring the beasts with issue of her gorge,
He passe the frozen Zone where yste flakes
Stopping the passage of the fleeting shippes
Dolie, like mountaines in the congeald sea,
Where if I finde that hatefull house of hers;
He pull the fickle wheele from out her hands,
And tie her selfe in euerlasting bands:
But all in vaine I breath these threatnings,
The day is lost, the *Hunnes* are conquerors,
Debon is slaine, my men are done to death,
The currents swift, swimme violently with blood,
And last, O that this last night so long last,
My selfe with woundes past all recovery,
Must leaue my crowne for *Humber* to possesse.

Strum. Lord haue mercy vpon vs, masters I think
this is a holie day, euerie man lies sleeping in the
fields, but God knowes full sore against their wills.

Thra. Flee noble *Albanact* and saue thy selfe,
The Scythians follow with great celeritie,
And ther's no way but fight, or speedie death,
Flee noble *Albanact* and saue thy selfe.

Sound the alarme.

Alba. Nay let them flee that feare to die the death
That tremble at the name of fatall mors,
Neu'r shall proud *Humber* boast or brag himselfe
That he hath put yoong *Albanact* to flight,
And least he should triumph at my decay,
This sword shall reane his maister of his life,

That

the eldest sonne to King Brutus.
That oft hath sau'd his maisters doubtfull life:
But oh my brethren if you care for me,
Reuenge my death vpon his traiterous head.

*Et vos quæis domus est nigrantis regia dit is;
Qui regitis rigido stigios moderamine lucos:
Nax cæci regina poli furialis Erinnis
Dii que de æque omnes Albanam tollite regem
Tollite flumineis undis rigidaque palude
Nunc me fata vocant, hoc condampet fore ferrum.*
Thrust himselfe through.

Enter Trompart.

O what hath he don, his nose bleeds? but oh I smel a
Looke where my maister lies, master, master. (foxe,

Strum. Let me alone I tell thee, for I am dead.

Trum. Yet one, good, good, master.

Strum. I will not speake, for I am dead I tel thee.

Trum. And is my master dead?

O sticks and stones, brickbats and bones,
and is my master dead?

O you cockatrices and you bablatrices,
that in the woods dwell:

You briers and brambles, you cookes shoppes and
come howle and yell. (shambles,

With howling & screeking, with wailing and wee-
come you to lament. (ping,

O Colliers of Croyden, and rusticks of Royden,
and fishers of Kent.

For *Strumbo* the cobler, the fine mery cobler
of Catknes towne:

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

At this same stoure, at this very houre
lies dead on the ground.

O maister, the eues, the eues, the eues.

Strum. Where be they? cox me tunny, bobekin
let me be rising, be gone, we shall be robde by and
by. *(Exeunt.)*

The 8. Act.

Enter *Humber, Hubba, Segar, Thrasier, Estrild,*
and the souldiers.

Hum. Thus from the dreadful shocks of furious
Thundring alarmes, and *Rhammusias* drum *(Mars)*
We are retyred with ioyfull victorie,
The slaughtered Troians quenching in their blood,
Infect the aire with their carcasses,
And are a praie for euerie rauenous bird.

Estrild. So perish they that are our enemies:
So perish they that loue not *Humbers* weale.
And mightie *Ioue* commander of the world,
Protect my loue from all false trecheries.

Hum. Thanks louely *Estrild*, solace to my soule.
But valiant *Hubba* for thy chiuallrie
Declare against the men of *Albany*,
Loe here a flowring garland wreath'd of bay,
As a reward for thy forward minde:

Set it on his head.

Hub. This vnexpected honor noble fire,
Will prick my courage vnto brauer deeds,
And cause me to attempt such hard exploits,
That all the world shall sound of *Hubbaes* name.

Ham.

the eldest sonne to King Brutus.

Hum. And now braue souldiers for this good suc-
Carouse whole cups of *Amazonian* wine, (celle;
Sweeter then Nectar or Ambrosia,
And cast away the clods of cursed care,
VVith goblets crownd with *Semeleius* gifts,
Now let vs march to *Abis* siluer streames
That clearly glide along the *Champagne* fields,
And moist the grasse meades with humid drops.
Sound drummes & trumpets, sound vp cheerfully,
Sith we returne with ioy and victorie.

The 3. Act. Scene 1.

Enter *Ate* as before. The dumb show. A Crocodile
sitting on a riuers banke, and a little Snake sting-
ing it. Then let both of them fall into the wa-
ter.

Ate. Scelera in authorem cadunt.

High on a banke by *Nilus* boystrous streames,
Fearfully sat the *Aegiptian* Crocodile,
Dreadfully grinding in her sharpe long teethe,
The broken bowels of a silly fish,
His back was arme against the dint of speare,
VVith shields of brasse that shind like burnisht gold
And as he stretched forth his cruell pawes,
A subtrill Adder creeping closely neare
Thrusting his forked sting into his clawes,
Priuily shead his poison through his bones
VVhich made him swel that there his bowels burst;
That did so much in his owne greatnesse trust.
So *Humber* hauing conquered *Albanaet*,
Doth yeeld his glorie vnto *Lo crines* sword.

E 3.

Marke

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine
Marke what ensues and you may easily see,
That all our life is but a Tragedie.

The 2. Scene.

Enter *Locrine, Guendoline, Corineus, Assaracus,*
Thrasimachus, Camber.

Locrine. And is this true, is *Albanaetus* slaine?
Hath cursed *Humber* with his stragling hoste
With that his armie made of mungrell cures,
Brought our redoubted brother to his end.
O that I had the Thracian *Orpheus* harpe
For to awake out of the infernall shade
Those ougly diuels of black *Erebus*,
That might torment the damned traitors soule:
O that I had *Amphions* instrument
To quicken with his vitall notes and tunes
The flinie ioynts of euerie stonie rocke,
By which the Scithians might be punished,
For by the lightening of almightie *Ioue*
The *Hunne* shall die, had he ten thousand liues:
And would to God he had ten thousand liues,
That I might with the arme-strong *Hercules*
Crop off so vile an *Hidras* hissing heads,
But say me cousin, for I long to heare
How *Albanaetus* came by vntimely death?

Thras. After the traitrous host of Scithians,
Entred the field with martiall equipage
Yoong *Albanaetus* impatient of delaie
Ledde forth his armie gainst the stragling mates,
Whose multitude did daunt our souldiers mindes,
Yet

the eldest sonne to King Brutus.

Yet nothing could dismay the forward prince,
But with a courage most heroicall
Like to a lion mongst a flock of lambes
Made hauocke of the faintheart fugitiues,
Hewing a passagethrough them with his sword,
Yea we had almost giuen them therrepulse
When suddainly from out the silent wood
Hubba with twentie thousand souldiers
Cowardly came vpon our weakened backs,
And murdered all with fatall massacre,
Amongst the which old *Debon* martiall knight,
With many wounds was brought vnto the death.
And *Albanact* opprest with multitude
Whilst valiantly he feld his enemies
Ycedded his life and honour to the dust,
He being dead, the souldiers fled amaine,
And I alone escaped them by flight,
To bring you tidings of these accidents.

Loer. Not aged *Priam* King of stately *Troy*,
Graund Emperour of barbarous *Asia*,
When he beheld his noble minded sonnes
Slaine traiterously by all the *Mermidons*,
Lamented more then I for *Albanact*.

Guen. Not *Hecuba* the queene of *Ilium*
When she beheld the towne of *Pergamus*,
Her pallace burnt, with all deuouring flames,
Her fiftie sonnes and daughters fresh of hue,
Murthred by wicked *Piribus* bloodie sword,
Shed such sad teares as I for *Albanact*.

Cam. The griefe of *Niobe* faire *Athens* queene;
For her seuen sonnes magnanimous in field,

For

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

For her seuen daughters fairer then the fairest,
Is not to be comparde with my laments.

Cor. In vain you sorow for the slaughtered prince,
In vain you sorow for his ouerthrow,
He loues not most that doth lament the most,
But he that seekes to venge the iniurie.
Thinke you to quell the enemies warlike traine,
VVith childish sobs and womannish laments?
Vn sheath your swords, vn sheath your conquering
And seek reuenge, the comfort for this sore, (sword,
In *Cornwall* where I hold my regiment
Euen iust tenne thousand valiant men at armes
Hath *Corineus* readie at commaund:
All these and more, if need shall more require,
Hath *Corrineus* readie at commaund.

Cam. And in the fields of martiall *Cambria*,
Close by the boystrous *Isca*s siluer streames,
VVhere lightfoote faires skip from banke to banke,
Full twentie thousand braue couragious knights
VVell exercise in feates of chivalrie,
In manly maner most inuincible,
Yoong *Camber* hath with gold and victuall,
All these and more, if need shall more require,
I offer vp to venge my brothers death.

Loc. Thanks louing vncle and good brother too,
For this reuenge, for this sweete word reuenge
Must ease and cease thy wrongfull iniuries,
And by the sword of bloodie *Mars* I sweare,
Nere shall sweete quiet enter this my front,
Till I be venged on his traiterous head
That slew my noble brother *Albanact*.

Sound

the eldest sonne to King Brutus.
Sound drummes and trumpets, muster vp the camp,
For we will straight march to *Albania*.

Exeunt.

The 3. Scene.

Enter *Humber, Estrild, Hubba, Trussier,*
and the souldiers.

Hum. Thus are we come victorious conquerors
Vnto the flowing currents silver streames
Which in memoriall of our victorie,
Shall be agnominated by our name,
And talked of by our posteritie:
For sure I hope before the golden sunne
Posteth his horses to faire *Thetis* plaines,
To see the waters turned into blood,
And change his blewish hue to rufull red,
By reason of the fatall massacre
Which shall be made vpon the virent plaines.

Enter the ghoast of *Almanact*.

See how the traitor doth presage his harme,
See how he glories at his owne decay,
See how he triumphs at his proper losse,
O fortune vilde, vnsstable, sickle, fraile.

Hum. Methinkes I see both armies in the field,
The broken launces clime the cristall skies,
Some headlesse lie, some breathlesse on the ground,
And euery place is stray'd with carcasses,
Behold the grasse hath lost his pleasant Greene,
The sweetest sight that euer might be seene.

Ghost. I traiterous *Humber*, thou shalt find it so,
F Yea

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

Yea to thy cost thou shalt the same behold,
With anguish, sorrow, and with sad laments,
The grasseie plaines that now do please thine eies,
Shall ere the night be coloured all with blood,
The shadie groues which now inclose thy campe
And yeeld sweet fauours to thy damned corps,
Shall ere the night be figured all with blood,
The profound stream that passeth by thy tents,
And with his moisture serueth all thy campe,
Shall ere the night conuerted be to blood,
Yea with the blood of those thy stragling boyes,
For now reuenge shall ease my lingring griefe,
And now reuenge shall glut my longing soule.

Hub. Let come what wil, I meane to beare it out,
And either liue with glorious victorie,
Or die with fame renowned for chiuallrie,
He is not worthe of the honie combe
That shuns the hiees because the bees haue stings,
That likes me best that is not got with ease,
Which thousand daungers do accompany,
For nothing can dismay our regall minde,
Which aimes at nothing but a golden crowne,
The only vpshot of mine enterprises,
Were they enchanted in grimme *Plutos* court,
And kept for treasure mongst his hellish crue,
I would either quell the triple *Cerberus*
And all the armie of his hatefull hags,
Or roll the stone with wretched *Sisiphon*.

Hnm. Right martiall be thy thoughts my noble
And all thy words fauour of chiuallrie, (sonne,
But warlike *Segar* what strange accidents

Makes

the eldest sonne to King Brutus.

Makes you to leaue the warding of the campe.

Segar. To armes my Lord, to honourable armes,
Take helme and targe in hand the Brittaines come,
With greater multitude then erst the Greekes
Brought to the ports of Phrigian *Temidos*.

Hum. But what saith *Segar* to these accidents?
What counsell giues he in extremities?

Seg. Why this my Lord experience teacheth vs,
That resolution is a sole helpe at need.
And this my Lord our honour teacheth vs,
That we be bold in euerie enterprise,
Then since there is no way but fight or die,
Be resolute my Lord for victorie.

Hum. And resolute *Segar* I meane to be,
Perhaps some blisfull starre will fauour vs,
And comfort bring to our perplexed state:
Come let vs in and fortifie our campe,
So to withstand their strong inuasion.

Exeunt.

The 4. Scene.

*Enter Strumbo, Trumpart, Oliner, and his sonne
William following them.*

Strum. Nay neighbour *Oliner*, if you be so whol,
come prepare your selfe, you shall finde two as stout
fellowes of vs, as any in all the North.

Olin. No by my dorth neighbor *Strumbo*, I chzee
dat you are a man of small zideration, dat wil zeeke to
iniure your olde vrendes, one of your vamiliar
guests, and derefore zeeing your pinion is to deale

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

withouten reason, iche and my zonne *William* will take dat course, dat shall be fardest vrom reason, how zay you, will you haue my daughter or no?

Strum. A verie hard question neighbour, but I will solue it as I may; what reason haue you to demaund it of me?

Vvil. Marry sir; what reason had you when my sister was in the barn to tumble her vpon the haie, and to fish her belly.

Strum. Mas thou saist true, well, but would you haue me marry her therefore? No I scorne her, and you, and you. I, I scorne you all.

Olin. You will not haue her then?

Strum. No as I am a true gentleman.

Vvil. Then wil we schoole you, ere you and we part hence.

Enter *Margerie* and snatch the staffe out of her brothers hand, as he is fighting.

Strum. I you come in pudding time, or else I had drest them.

Mar. You master fausebox, sobcock, cockscomb, you slopsauce, lickfingers, will you not heare?

Strum. Who speake you too, me?

Mar. I sir to you, *Iohn* lackhonestie, little wit, is it you that will haue none of me?

Strum. No by my troth, mistresse nicebice, how fine you cā nickname me, I think you were broght vp in the vniuersitie of bridewell, you haue your rhetoricke so ready at your toongs end, as if you were
neuer

the eldest sonne to King Brutus.

neuer well warned when you were yoong.

Mar. Why then Goodman Cods-head, if you will haue none of me, farewell.

Strum. If you be so plaine mistresse drigle dragle, fare you well.

Mar. Nay master *Strumbo*, ere you go from hence we must haue more words; you will haue none of me?

They both fight.

Strum. Oh my head, my head, leaue, leaue, leaue, I will, I will, I will.

Mar. Vpon that condition I let thee alone.

Oliu. How now master *Strumbo*, hath my daughter taught you a new lesson?

Strum. I but heare you Goodman *Oliuer*? it will not bee for my ease to haue my head broken euerie day, therefore remedie this and we shall agree.

Oli. Well zonne well, for you are my zonne now, all shall be remedied, daughter be friends with him.

Shake hands.

Strum. You are a sweet nut, the diuel crack you. Maisters I thinke it be my lucke, my first wife was a louing quiet wench, but this I thinke would weary the diuell. I would she might be burnt as my other wife was. If not, I must runne to the halter for help. O codpeece thou hast done thy maister, this it is to be meddling with warme plackets.

Exeunt.

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

The 5. Scene.

Enter *Locrine, Camber, Corineus, Thrasimachus,*
Assarachus.

Loc. Now am I garded with an hoste of men,
VVhose haucie courage is inuincible,
Now am I hemmed with troupes of souldiers,
Such as might force *Bellona* to retire,
And make her tremble at their puissance,
Now sit I like the mightie god of warre,
VVhen armed with his coat of Adamant,
Mounted his charriot drawne with mighty bulls,
He droue the *Argines* ouer *Xanthus* streames.
Now cursed *Humber* doth thy end draw nie,
Downe goes the glorie of his victories,
And all his fame, and all his high renowne
Shall in a moment yeeld to *Locrines* sword,
Thy bragging banners crost with argent streames,
The ornaments of thy pauillions
Shall all be captivated with this hand,
And thou thy selfe at *Albanactus* tombe
Shalt offered be in satisfaction
Of all the wrongs thou didst him when he liu'd.
But canst thou tell me braue *Thrasimachus*,
How farre we are distant from *Humbers* campe?
Thra. My Lord, within your foule accursed groue
That beares the tokens of our ouerthrow,
This *Humber* hath intrencht his damned campe.
March on my Lord, because I long to see
The trecherous *Scythians* squeltring in their gore.
Locrine.

the eldest sonne to King Brutus.

Loari. Sweet fortune fauour *Lochrine* with a smile,
That I may venge my noble brothers death,
And in the midst of stately *Troinonant*,
Ile build a temple to thy deitie
Of perfect marble and of *Iacinthe* stones,
That it shall passe the high *Pyramides*
VVhich with their top surmount the firmament.

Cam. The arme strong offspring of the doubted
Stout *Hercules Alcmeneas* mightie sonne, (knight,
That rāde the monsters of the threefold world,
And rid the oppressed from the tyrants yokes,
Did neuer shew such valiantnesse in fight,
As I will now for noble *Albanact*.

Cori. Full foure score yeares hath *Corineus* liu'd,
Sometime in warre, sometime in quiet peace,
And yet I feele my selfe to be as strong
As erst I was in sommer of mine age,
Able to trosse this great vnwildie club
VVhich hath bin painted with my foemens brains,
And with this club ile breake the strong arraie
Of *Humber* and his stragling souldiers,
Or loose my life amongst the thickest prease,
And die with honour in my latest daies,
Yet ere I die they all shall vnderstand
VVhat force lies in stout *Corineus* hand.

Thra. And if *Thrasimachus* detract the fight,
Either for weaknesse or for cowardise,
Let him not boast that *Brutus* was his eame,
Or that braue *Corineus* was his sire.

Loc. Then courage souldiers, first for your safetie,
Next for your peace, last for your victory. (*Exeunt.*
Sound

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

Sound the alarme.

Enter *Hubba* and *Segar* at one doore, and
Corineus at the other.

Cori. Art thou that *Humber* prince of fugitiues,
That by thy treason slewst yoong *Albanact*?

Hub. I am his sonne that slew yoong *Albanact*,
And if thou take not heed proud *Phrigian*,
He send thy soule vnto the Stigian lake,
There to complaine of *Humbers* iniuries.

Cori. You triumph fir before the victorie,
For *Corineus* is not so soone slaine.

But cursed Scythians you shall rue the day
That ere you came into *Albania*.

So perish that they enuie Brittaines wealth,
So let them die with endlesse infamie,
And he that seekes his soueraignes ouerthrow,
Would this my club might aggrauate his woe.

Strikes them both downe with his club.

Enter *Humber*.

Where may I finde some desert wildernesse,
Where I may breath out curses as I would,
And scare the earth with my condemning voice,
Where euerie ecchoes repercussion
May helpe me to bewaile mine ouerthrow,
And aide me in my sorrowfull laments?
Where may I finde some hollow vncouth rocke,
Where I may damne, condemne and ban my fill,
The heauens, the heil, the earth, the aire, the fire,
And vter curses to the concaue skie,
Which may infect the aiery regions,
And light vpon the Brittain *Locrines* head?

You

the eldest sonne to King Brutus.

You vgly sprites that in *Cocytus* mourne,
And gnash your teeth with dolorous laments,
Yea fearfull dogs that in black *Lake* howle,
And scare the ghaasts with your wide open throats,
You vgly ghaasts that flying from these dogs,
Do plunge your selues in *Puryflegiton*,
Come all of you, and with your shrieking notes
Accompaie the Britaines conquering hoast.
Come fierce *Erinnis* horrible with snakes,
Come vgly Furies, armed with your whippes,
You threefold iudges of black *Tartarus*,
And all the armie of you hellish fiends,
With new found tormētts rack proud *Loerins* bones
O gods, and starres, damned be the gods & starres
That did not drowne me in faire *Thetis* plaines.
Curst be the sea that with outrageous waues
With surging billowes did not riue my shippes
Against the rocks of high *Cerannia*,
Or swallowed me into her warrie gulfe,
Would God we had arriu'd vpon the shore
Where *Poliphlemus* and the *Cyclops* dwell,
Or where the bloodie *Anthropomphagie*
With greedie iawes deuours the wandring wights,

Enter the ghaast of *Albanact*.

But why comes *Albanact's* bloodie ghaast,
To bring a corsue to our miseries?
Is not inough to suffer shamefull flight,
But we must be tormented now with ghaasts,
With apparitions fearfull to behold.

Ghaast. Reuenge, reuenge for blood.

Hum. So nought wil satisfie your wandring ghost

G

But

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine
 But dire reuenge, nothing but *Humbers* fall,
 Because he conquerd you in *Wlbury*.
 Now by my soule *Humber* would be condemn'd
 To *Tantals* hunger or *Ixions* wheele,
 Or to the vultur of *Promethus*,
 Rather then that this murder were vndone.
 When as I die ile draggeth y cursed ghoast
 Through all the riuers of foule *Erebus*,
 Through burning sulphur of the Limbo-lake,
 To allaiue the burning furie of that heate
 That rageth in mine euerlasting soule.

Exeunt.

Alba. ghost. Vindicta, vindicta.

The 4. Act. Scene 1.

Enter *Ate* as before. Then let their follow *Omphale*
 daughter to the king of *Lydia*, hauing a club in
 her hand, and a lions skinne on her back, *Hercules*
 following with a distaffe. Then let *Omphale* turn
 [about, and taking off her pantofle, strike *Hercu-*
les on the head, then let them depart. *Ate* remain-
 ing, saying;

*Quem non Argolici mandata seuera Tyranni,
 Non potuit luno vincere, vicit amor.*

Stout *Hercules* the mirrour of the world,
 Sonne to *Alcmena* and great *Iupiter*,
 After so many conquests wonne in field,

After

The eldest sonne to King Brutus.

After so many monsters queld by force,
Yecelded his valiant heart to *Omphale*,
A fearfull woman voyd of manly strength,
Shetooke the club, and ware the lions skinne,
He tookē the wheele, and maidenly gan spinne.
So martiall *Locrine* cheerd with victorie,
Falleth in loue with *Humbers* concubine,
And so forgetteth peerlesse *Guendoline*.
His vnclē *Corineus* stormes at this,
And forceth *Locrine* for his grace to sue,
Loe here the summe, the processe doth ensue.

Exit.

The 2. Scene.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Corineus, Assaracus, Thrasimachus, and the souldiers.

Loc. Thus from the fury of *Bellonas* broiles,
With sound of drumme and trumpets melodie,
The Brittain king returnes triumphantly,
The Scithians slaine with great occision,
Do equalize the grasse in multitude, (brookes,
And with their blood haue staine the streaming
Offering their bodies and their dearest blood
As sacrifice to *Albanactus* ghoast,
Now cursed *Humber* hast thou payd thy due,
For thy deceits and craftie trecheries,
For all thy guiles, and damned stratagems,
With losse of life, and euerduring shame.
Where are thy horses trapt with burnisht gold,

G 2

Thy

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

Thy trampling couriers rilde with foming biers?
Where are thy souldiers strong and numberlesse,
Thy valiant captains and thy noble peeres?
Euen as the countrie clownes with sharpest sithes
Do mowe the withered grasse from off the earth,
Or as the ploughman with his piercing share
Renteth the bowels of the fertile fields,
And rippeth vp the rootes with razours keene.
So *Locrine* with his mightie curtlexe,
Hath cropped off the heads of all thy *Hammes*,
So *Locrines* peeres haue daunted all thy peeres,
And drouethine hoast vnto confusion,
That thou maist suffer penance for thy fault,
And die for murdering valiant *Albanaet*.

Cori. And thus, yea thus shall all the rest be seru'd
That seeke to enter *Albion* gainst our willes.
If the braue nation of the *Troglodites*,
If all the coleblacke *Aethiopians*,
If all the forces of the *Amazons*,
If all the hostes of the Barbarian lands,
Should dare to enter this our little world,
Soone should they rue their ouerbold attempts,
That after vs our progenie may say,
There lie the beasts that sought to vsurp our land.

Loc. If they are beasts that seeke to vsurp our land,
And like to brutish beasts they shall be seru'd.
For mightie *Ioue* the supream king of heauen,
That guides the concourse of the *Metiours*,
And rules the motion of the azure skie,
Fights alwaies for the Brittaines safetie.
But staie, mee thinkes I heare some shrieking noise,
That

the eldest sonne to King Brutus.

That draweth neare to our pauillion.

Enter the souldiers leading in *Estrild*.

Estrild. What prince so ere adorn'd with golden
Doth sway the regall scepter in his hand:
And thinks no chance can euer throw him downe,
Or that his state shall euerlasting stand,
Let him behold poore *Estrild* in this plight,
The perfect platforme of a troubled wight.
Once was I guarded with manortiall bands,
Compast with princes of the noble blood,
Now am I fallen into my foemens hands,
And with my death must pacifie their mood.
O life the harbour of calamities,
O death the hauē of all miseries,
I could compare my sorrowes to thy woe,
Thou wretched queen of wretched *Pergamus*,
But that thou viewd'st thy enemies ouerthrow,
Nigh to the rocke of high *Caphareus*,
Thou saw'st their death, and then departed'st thence.
I must abide the victors insolence.
The gods that pittied thy continuall griefe,
Transform'd thy corps, and with thy corps thy care,
Poore *Estrild* liues despairing of reliefe,
For friends in trouble are but fewe and rare.
What said I fewe? I fewe or none at all,
For cruell death made hauock of them all.
Thrice happie they whose fortune was so good,
To end their liues, and with their liues their woes,
Thrice haplesse I, whome fortune so withstood,
That cruellly she gaue me to my foes.
Oh souldiers is there any miserie,

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

To be comparde to fortunes trecherie.

Loc. Camber, this same shuld be the Scithiā queen.

Cam. So may we iudge by her lamenting words.

Loc. So faire a dame mine eies did neuer see,
With floods of woes she seems orewhelmed to bee

Cam. O *Locrine* hath she not a cause for to be sad?

Locrine at one side of the stage.

If she haue cause to weepe for *Humbers* death,

And shead fault teares for her ouerthrow,

Locrine may well bewaile his proper griefe,

Locrine may moue his owne peculiar woe,

He being conquerd died a speedie death,

And felt not long his lamentable smart,

I being conqueror, liue a lingring life,

And feele the force of *Cupids* suddaine stroke.

I gaue him cause to die a speedie death,

He left me cause to wish a speedie death.

Oh that sweete face painted with natures dye,

Those roseall cheeks mizt with a snowy white,

That decent necke surpassing yuorie,

Those comely brests which *Venus* well might spite,

Are like to snares which wylie fowlers wrought,

Wherein my yeelding heart is prisoner cought.

The golden tresses of her daintie haire

Which shine like rubies glittering with the sunne,

Haue so entrapt poore *Locrines* louesick heart,

That from the same no way it can be wonne.

How true is that which oft I heard declarde,

One dramme of ioy, must haue a pound of care.

Estr. Hard is their fall who from a golden crown
Are cast into a sea of wretchednesse.

Loc.

the eldest sonne to King Brutus.

Loc. Hard is their thrall who by *Cupids* frowne
Are wrapt in waues of endlesse carefulnesse.

Estr. Oh kingdome obiekt to all miseries.

Loc. Oh loue, the extreemst of all extremities.

Let him go into his chaire.

A sold. My Lord, in ransacking the Scithian tents
I found this Ladie, and to manifest

That earnest zeale I beare vnto your grace,

I here present her to your maiestie. (first;

Another sold. He lies my Lord, I found the Ladie
And here present her to your maiestie. (prize?

1. sold. Presumptuous villaine wilt thou take my

2. sol. Nay rather thou depriuest me of my right.

1. sol. Religne thy title (cariue) vnto me,

Or with my sword ile pearce thy cowards loines.

2. sol. Soft words good sir, tis not inogh to speak
A barking dog doth sildome strangers bite.

Loc. Vnreuerent villains, stitue you in our sight?
Take them hence Iaylor to the dungeon,

There let them lie and trie their quarrell out.

But thou faire princeesse be no whit dismayd,

But rather ioy that *Lochrine* fauours thee.

Estr. How can he fauor me that slew my spouse?

Loc. The chance of war (my loue) tooke him frō

Estr. But *Lochrine* was the causer of his death. (thee

Loc. He was an enemy to *Lochrines* state,

And slue my noble brother *Albanact*.

Estr. But he was linckt to me in marriage bond,
And would you haue me loue his slaughterer?

Loc. Better to liue, then not to liue at all.

Estrild.

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

Estrild. Better to die renownd for chastitie,
Then liue with shame and endlesse infamie.
What would the common sort report of me,
If I forget my loue, and cleaue to thee?

Loc. Kings need not feare the vulgar sentences.

Estr. But Ladies must regard their honest name.

Loc. Is it a shame to liue in marriage bonds?

Estr. No, but to be a strumpet to a king.

Loc. If thou wilt yeeld to *Locrines* burning loue,
Thou shalt be queene of faire *Albania*.

Estr. But *Guendoline* will vndermine my state.

Lo. Vpon mine honor thou shalt haue no harme.

Estr. Then lo braue *Locrine*, *Estrild* yeelds to thee,
And by the gods whom thou doest inuocate,
By the dead ghoast of thy deceased sire,
By thy right hand and by thy burning loue,
Take pittie on poore *Estrilds* wretched thrall.

Cori. Hath *Locrine* then forgot his *Guendoline*,
That thus he courts the Scithians paramore?
VVhat are the words of *Brute* so soone forgot?
Are my deserts so quickly out of minde?
Haue I bene faithfull to thy sire now dead,
Haue I protected thee from *Humbers* hands,
And doest thou quite me with vngratitude?
Is this the guerdon for my greeuous wounds,
Is this the honour for my labors past?
Now by my sword, *Locrine* I sweare to thee,
This iniury of thine shall be repaide.

Loc. Vncle, scorne you your royall soueraigne,
As if we stood for cyphers in the court?
Vpbraid you me with those your benefits?

VVhy

the eldest sonne to King Brutus.

Why it was a subjects dutie so to do.
What you haue done for our deceased fire;
We know, and all know you haue your reward.

Cori. Anaunt proud princox, brau'st thou me
Assure thy self though thou be Emperor (withall,
Thou nere shalt carry this vnpunished.

Cam. Pardon my brother noble *Corineus*,
Pardon this once and it shall be amended.

Affar. Cousin remember *Byrthus* latest words,
How he desired you to cherish them,
Let not this fault so much incense your minde,
Which is not yet passed all remedie.

Cori. Then *Locrine*, loe I reconcile my selfe,
But as thou lou'st thy life, so loue thy wife:
But if thou violate those promises,
Blood and reuenge shall light vpon thy head.
Come let vs backe to stately *Troinouant*,
Where all these matters shall be setteled.

Lochrine to himselfe.

Millions of diuels wayt vpon thy soule.
Legions of spirits vexeth thy impious ghoast.
Tenthousand torments rack thy curled bones.
Let euerie thing that hath the vse of breath,
Be instruments and workers of thy death.

Excunt.

The 3. Scene.

Enter *Humber* alone, his haire hanging over his
shoulders, his armes all bloodie, and a
dart in one hand.

Hum. What basilisk was hatched in this place,
H. Where

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

Where euerie thing consumed is to nought?
What fearefull Furie haunts these cursed groues,
Where not a roote is left for *Humbers* meate?
Hath fell *Alecto* with inuenomed blasts,
Breathed forth poyson in these tender plaines?
Hath triple *Cerberus* with contagious tome,
Sowde *Aconitum* mongst these withered hearbes?
Hath dreadfull *Furies* with her charming rods
Brought barreinesse on euerie fruitfull tree?
What not a roote, no frute, no beast, no bird,
To nourish *Humber* in this wildernesse?
What would you more you fiends of *Erebus*,
My verie intralls burne for want of drinke,
My bowels crie, *Humber* giue vs some meate,
But wretched *Humber* can giue you no meate,
These foule accursed groues affoord no meat.
This fruitles soyle, this ground brings forth no meat.
The gods, hard harted gods, yeeld me no meat.
Then how can *Humber* giue you any meat?

Enter *Strumbo* with a pitchforke, and a scotch-cap,
saying:

How do you maisters, how do you? how haue you
scaped hanging this long time? yfaith I haue scapt
many a scouring this yeare, but I thanke God I haue
past them all with a good couragio, couragio, & my
wife & I are in great loue and charitie now, I thank
my manhood & my strength, for I wil tell you mai-
sters, vpon a certain day at night I came home, to say
the verietruth, with my stomacke full of wine, and
ran vp into the chamber where my wife soberly fate
rocking.

the eldest sonne to King Brutus.

rocking my little babie, leaning her back against the bed, singing lullabie. Now when she saw me come with my nose foremost, thinking that I bin drunk, as I was indeed, snatcht vp a fagot stick in her hand, and came furiously marching towards me with a bigge face; as though shee would haue eaten mee at a bit; thundering out these words vnto me. Thou drunken knaue where hast thou bin so long? I shall teach thee how to benight mee another time; and so shee began to play knaues trumps. Now althogh I trembled fearing she would set her ten commandments in my face, ran within her, and taking her lustily by the midle, I carried her valiantly to the bed, and flinging her vpon it, flung my selfe vpon her, and there I delighted her so with the sport I made, that euer after the wold call me sweet husband, and so banisht brawling for euer: and to see the goodwill of the wench, she bought with her portion a yard of land, and by that I am now become one of the richest mē in our parish. Well masters whats a clocke, it is now breakfast time, you shall see what meat I haue here for my breakfast.

Let him sit downe and pull out
his vittailles.

Hum. Was euer land so fruitlesse as this land?
Was euer groue so gracelesse as this groue?
Was euer soyle so barrein as this soyle?
Oh no: the land where hungry *Fames* dwelt,
May no wise æqualize this cursed land,
No euen the climat of the torrid zone
Brings forth more fruit then this accursed groue.

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

Nere came sweet *Ceres*, nere came *Venus* here,
Triptolemus the god of husbandmen,
Nere sowd his seed in this foule wilderness.
The hunger-bitten dogs of *Acheron*,
Chast from the ninefold *Puriflegiton*,
Haue set their fobtesteps in this damned ground.
The yron harted *Furies* arm'd with snakes,
Scattered huge *Hidras* over all the plaines,
which haue cōsum'd the grasse, the herbes, the trees
which haue drunke vp the flowing water springs.

Strumbo hearing his voice shall start vp and put
meat in his pocket, seeking to hide himselfe.

Hum. Thou great commander of the starry skie,
That guidst the life of euerie mortall wight
From the inclosures of the fleeting clouds,
Raine downe some foode, or else I faint and die.
Powre downe some drinke, or else I faint and die.
O *Iupiter* hast thou sent *Mercury*
In clownish shapeto minister some foode?
Some meate, some meate, some meate.

Strum. O alas! sir, ye are deceiued, I am not *Mer-*
cury, I am *Strumbo*.

Hum. Giue me som meat vilain, giue me som meat,
Orgainst this rock, Ile dash thy cursed braines,
And rent thy bowels with my bloodie hands.
Giue me some meat villaine, giue me some meat.

Strum. By the faith of my bodie good fellow, I
had rather giue an whole oxen then that thou shouldst
serue me in that sort. Dash out my braines? O horri-
ble,

the eldest sonne to King Brutus.

ble, terrible. I thinke I haue a quarry of stones in my pocket.

Let him make as though hee would giue him some, and as he putteth out his hand, enter the ghoast of *Albanact*, and strike him on the hand, and so *Strimbo* runnes out, *Humber* following him.

Exit.

Alba. ghost. Loe here the gift of fell ambition,
Of vsurpation and of trecherie.
Loe here the harmes that wait vpon all those
That do intrude themselues in others lands,
Which are not vnder their dominion.

Exit.

The 4. Scene.

Enter *Lochrine* alone.

Loc. Seuen yeares hath aged *Corineus* liu'd
To *Lochrines* griefe, and faire *Estrildas* woe,
And seuen yeares more he hopeth yet to liue,
Oh supreme *Ioue*, annihilate this thought.
Should he enioy theaires fruition?
Should he enjoy the benefit of life?
Should he contemplate the radiant sonne,
That makes my life equall to dreadfull death?
Venus conuay this monster fro the earth,
That disobeierh thus thy sacred hefts.
Cupid conuay this monster to darke hell,
That disanulls thy mothers sugred lawes.
Mars with thy target all beset with flames,

H 3

With

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

With murthering blade bereaue him of his life,
That hindreth *Locrine* in his sweetest ioyes,
And yet for all his diligent aspect,
His wrathfull eies piercing like *Linces* eies,
VVell haue I ouermatcht his subiltie.
Nigh *Deucolium* by the pleasant Lee,
where brackish *Thamis* lides with siluer streames,
Making a breach into the grasseie downes,
A curious arch of costly marble fraught,
Hath *Locrine* framed vnderneath the ground,
The walls whereof, garnish with diamonds,
VVith ophirs, rubies, glistering emeralds,
And interlast with sun-bright carbuncles,
Lighten the roome with artificiall day,
And from the Lee with water-flowing pipes
The moisture is deriu'd into this arch
VVhere I haue placed faire *Esrild* secretly,
Thither estfoones accompanied with my page,
I couently visit my harts desire,
VVithout suspition of the meanest eie,
For lone aboundeth still with pollicie:
And thither still meanes *Locrine* to repaire,
Till *Atropos* cut off mine vncles life.

Exit.

The 5. Scene.

Enter *Humber* alone, saying;

*Ham. O vitamiserolonga, felici breuis,
Ehen malorem fames extremum malum.*

Long haue I liued in this desert caue,
VVith eating hawes and miserable rootes,
Deuou-

The eldest sonne to King Brutus.

Deuouring leaues and beastly excrements.
Caues were my beds, and stones my pillowbeares,
Feare was my sleep, and horror was my dreame,
For still methought at euery boisterous blast
Now *Lacrine* comes, now *Humber* thou must die:
So that for feare and hunger, *Humbers* minde
Can neuer rest, but alwaies trembling stands.
O what *Danubius* now may quench my thirst?
VVhat *Euphrates*, what lightfoot *Euripus*,
May now allaiie the furie of that heat,
VVhich raging in my entrails eates me vp?
You gasty diuels of the ninefold *Stickses*,
You damned ghaasts of ioyleffe *Acheron*,
You mournfull soules, vext in *Abissus* vaults,
You coleblack diuels of *Auernus* pond,
Come with your fleshhooks, rent my famisht arms,
These armes that haue sustained their maisters life,
Come with your raisours, rippe my bowels vp,
VVith your sharp fireforks crack my sterued bones,
Vse me as you will, so *Humber* may not liue.
Accursed gods that rule the starry poles,
Accursed *Ioue* king of the cursed gods,
Cast downe your lightning on poore *Humbers* head,
That I may leaue this deathlike life of mine,
VVhat heare you not, and shall not *Humber* die?
Nay I will die though all the gods say nay.
And gentle *Abj* take my troubled corps,
Take it and keep it from all mortall eies,
That none may say when I haue lost my breath,
The very foulds conspirde against *Humbers* death:
Fling himselfe into the river.

Enter

The lamentable Tragedie of *Loocrine*

Enter the ghoast of *Albanact*.

En cadem sequitur, cades in cade quiesco.

Humber is dead, ioy heauens, leap earth, dance trees,
Now maist thou reach thy apples *Tantalus*,
And with them feed thy hunger-bitten limmes.
Now *Sisiphus* leaue tumbling of thy rock,
And rest thy restless bones vpon the same.
Vnbind *Ixion* cruell *Rhadamanth*,
And laie proud *Humber* on the whirling wheele.
Backe will I post to hell mouth *T. enarus*,
And passe *Cocitus*, to the Elysian fields,
And tell my father *Brutus* of these newes. °

Exit.

The 5. Act. Scene 1.

Enter *Ate* as before. *Iason* leading *Creons* daughter.
Medea following, hath a garland in her hand, and
putting it on *Creons* daughters head, setteth it on
fire, and then killing *Iason* and her, departeth.

Ate. *Non tam Tincris excessuat Aetna caernis,*
Laesa furtino quam cor mulieris amore.

Medea seeing *Iason* leaue her loue,
And chooseth the daughter of the *Thebane* king,
Went to her diuellish charmes to worke reuenge,
And raising vp the triple *Hecate*,
With all the rout of the condemned fiends,
Framed a garland by her magick skill,
With which she wrought *Iason* and *Creons* ill.
So *Guendoline* seeing her selfe misvd,
And *Humbers* paramour possesse her place,

Flies

The eldest Sonne to King Brutus.

Flies to the dukedome of *Cornubia*,
And with her brother stout *Thrasimachus*,
Gathering a power of Cornish souldiers,
Giues battaile to her husband and his hoste,
Nigh to the riuer of great *Mertia*,
The chances of this dismall massacre,
That which insueth shortly will vnfold. (Exit.

The 2. Scene.

Enter *Lochrine*, *Camber*, *Affarachus*,
Thrasimachus.

Affa. But tell me cousin, died by brother so?
Now who is left to helplesse *Albion*,
That as a pillar might vphold our state,
That might strike terror to our daring foes?
Now who is left to haplesse *Brittanie*,
That might defend her from the barbarous hands
Of those that still desire her ruinous fall,
And seeke to worke her downfall and decaie?

Cam. I vncle death is our common enemy,
And none but death can match our matchles power
Witness the fall of *Albion*es crewe,
Witness the fall of *Humber* and his *Hunnes*,
And this foule death hath now increast our woe,
By taking *Corineus* from this life,
And in his roome leauing vs worlds of care.

Thra. But none may more bewaile his mournful
Then I that am the issue of his loines, (hearse
Now foule befall that cursed *Humbers* throat,
That was the causer of his lingring wound.

The lamentable Tragicke of Locrine

Lo. Teares cannot raise him from the dead again,
But wher's my Ladie mistresse *Gwendoline*?

Thra. In Cornwall *Locrine* is my sister now,
Providing for my fathers funerall.

Lo. And let her ther provide her mourning weeds
And mourne for euer her owne widdow-hood.
Ner shall she come within our pallace gate,
To countercheck braue *Locrine* in his loue.
Go boy to *Dencolitus*, downe the Lee,
Vnto the arch where louely *Esild* lies,
Bring her and *Sabren* strait vnto the court,
She shall be queene in *Gwendolinas* roome.
Let others waile for *Corineus* death,
I meane not so to macerate my minde,
For him that bard me from my hearts desire.

Thra. Hath *Locrine* then forsooke his *Gwendoline*?
Is *Corineus* death so soone forgot?
If there be gods in heauen, as sure there be,
If there be fiends in hell, as needs there must,
They will reuenge this thy notorious wrong,
And powre their plagues vpon thy cursed head.

Loc. What prat'st thou pesant to thy soueraigne?
Or art thou strooken in some extasie?
Dost thou not tremble at our royall lookes?
Dost thou not quake when mighty *Locrine* frowns?
Thou beardlesse boy, wert not that *Locrine* scornes
To vex his mind with such a hartlesse childe,
With the sharpe point of this my battale-axe,
I would send thy soule to *Puriflegiton*.

Thra. Though I be yoong and of a tender age,
Yet will I cope with *Locrine* when he dares.

the eldest sonne to King Brutus.

My noble father with his conquering sword,
Slew the two giants kings of *Aquitaine*.

Thrasimachus is not so degenerate
That he should feare and tremble at the looks
Or taunting words of a vnerian squire.

Loc. Menacest thou thy roiall soueraigne,
Vnciuill, not besecming such as you.
Iniurious traitor (for he is no lesse
That at defiance standeth with his king) (words,
Leaue these thy tauntes, leaue these thy bragging
Vnlesse thou meane to leaue thy wretched life.

Thra. If princes staine their glorious dignitie
With ougly spots of monstrous infamie,
They leese their former estimation,
And throw themselves into a hell of hate.

Loc. Wilt thou abuse my gentle patience,
As though thou didst our high displeasure scorne?
Proud boy, & thou maist know thy prince is mou'd,
Yea greatly mou'd at this thy swelling pride,
We banish thee for euer from our court.

Thra. Then I sell *Locrine*, looke vnto thy selfe,
Thrasimachus will venge this iniurie. (Exit.)

Lo. Farwel proud boy, and learn to vse thy tongue.

Assa. Alas my Lord, you shuld haue cald to mind
The latest words that *Brutus* spake to you;
How he desirede you by the obedience
That children ought to beare vnto their sire,
To loue and fauour Ladie *Guendoline*,
Consider this, that if the iniurie
Do moue her mind, as certainly it will,
Warre and dissention followes speedely.

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

What though her power be not so great as yours,
Have you not seene a mightie elephant
Slaine by the biting of a lilly mouse?
Euen so the chance of warre inconstant is.

Loc. Peace vnle peace, and cease to talke hereof,
For he that seekes by whispering this or that,
To trouble *Locrine* in his sweetest life,
Let him perswade himselfe to die the death.

Enter the Page, with *Estrild* and *Sabren*.

Estr. O say me Page, tell me where is the king.
Wherefore doth he send for me to the court,
Is it to die, is it to end my life,
Say me sweete boy, tell me and do not faine?

Page. No trust me madame, if you will credit the
litle honestie that is yet left me, there is no such danger
as you feare, but prepare your selfe, yonders the
king.

Estr. Then *Estrild* lift thy dazled spirits vp,
And blesse that blessed time, that day, that houre,
That warlike *Locrine* first did fauour thee.
Peace to the king of *Brittany* my loue,
Peace to all those that loue and fauour him.

Locrine taking her vp.

Doth *Estrild* fall with such submission
Before her seruant king of *Albion*?
Arise faire Ladie, leaue this lowly cheare,
Lift vp those looks that cherish *Locrines* heart,
That I may freely view that roseall face,
Which so intangled hath my louesick brest,
Now to the court where we will court it out,
And passe the night and day in *Venus* sports.

Frollick

the eldest sonne to King Brutus.
Frollick braue peeres, be ioyfull with your king.

Exeunt.

The 3. Scene. Enter *Guendoline*, *Thrasimachus*,
Madan, and the souldiers. (blasts,

Guen. You gentle winds that with your modest
Passe through the circuit of the heauenly vault,
Enter the clouds vnto the throne of *Ioue*,
And beare my praies to his all hearing eares,
For *Locrine* hath forsaken *Guendoline*,
And learne to loue proud *Humbers* concubine.
You happie sprites that in the concaue skie
With pleasant ioy, enjoy your sweetest loue,
Shed forth those teares with me, which then you
Whē first you wooed your ladies to your wills, (shed
Those teares are fittest for my wofull case,
Since *Locrine* shunnes my nothing pleasant face.
Blush heauens, blush sunne, and hide thy shining
Shadow thy radiāt locks in gloomy clouds, (beams,
Denie thy cheerfull light vnto the world,
VVhere nothing raigns but falshood and deceit.
VVhat said I, falshood? I that filthie crime,
For *Locrine* hath forsaken *Guendoline*.
Behold the heauens do wail for *Guendoline*.
The shining sunne doth blush for *Guendoline*.
The liquid aire doth weep for *Guendoline*.
The verie ground doth grone for *Guendoline*.
I they are milder then the Brittain king,
For hereie teth lucklesse *Guendoline*.

Thra. Sister, complaints are bootlesse in this cause,
This open wrong must haue an open plague:
This plague must be repaid with grieuous warre,

I 3

This

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

This warre must finish with *Locrinus* death,
His death will soone extinguish our complaints.

Guen. O no, his death wil more augment my woes,
He was my husband braue *Thrasimachus*,
More deare to me then the apple of mine eie,
Nor can I finde in heart to worke his scathe.

Thra. Madame if not your proper iniuries,
Nor my exile, can moue you to reuenge,
Thinke on our father *Corinens* words,
His words to vs stands alwaies for a lawe,
Should *Locrine* liue that caus'd my fathers death?
Should *Locrine* liue that now diuorceth you?
The heauens, the earth, the aire, the fire reclaimes,
And then why should all we denie the same?

Guen. Then henceforth farwel womanish com-
All childish pitie henceforth then farwel: (plaints,
But cursed *Locrine* looke vnto thy selfe,
For *Nemesis* the mistresse of reuenge,
Sits arm'd at all points on our distinnall blades,
And cursed *Estrild* that inflamed his heart,
Shall if I liue, die a reproachfull death.

Madan. Mother, though nature makes me to la-
My lucklesse fathers froward techerie, (ment,
Yet for he wrongs my Ladie mother thus,
If I could, my selfe would worke his death.

Thra. See madame see, the desire of reuenge
Is in the children of a tender age.
Forward braue souldiers into *Mertia*,
Where we shall braue the coward to his face.

Exeunt.

The

The eldest sonne to King Brutus.

The 4. Scene.

Enter *Lochrine*, *Estrild*, *Habren*, *Affarachus*,
and the souldiers.

Loc. Tell me *Affarachus*, are the Cornish chuffes
In such great number come to *Mertia*,
And haue they pitched there their peutie hoste,
So close vnto our royall mansion.

Assa. They are my Lord, and meane incontinent
To bid defiance to your maiestie.

Loc. It makes me laugh, to thinke that *Guendoline*
Should haue the hart to come in armes gainst me.

Estr. Alas my Lord, the horse wil runne amaine
When as the spurte doth gall him to the bone,
Iealousie *Lochrine* hath a wicked sting.

Lac. Saist thou so *Estrild*, beauties paragon?
Well we will trie her chollor to the prooffe,
And make her know *Lochrine* can brooke no braues.
March on *Affarachus*, thou must lead the way,
And bring vs to their proud pauillion. (Exeunt.

The 5. Scene.

Enter the ghost of *Corineus*, with thunder & lighte-

Ghost. Behold the circuit of the azure sky, (ning.
Throwes forth sad throbs, and grievous suspirs,
Preiudicating *Lochrines* ouerthrow,

The fire casteth forth sharpe dartes of flames,

The great foundation of the triple world,

Trembleth and quaketh with a mightie noise,

Presaging bloodie massacres at hand.

The wandring birds that flutter in the darke,

When hellish night in cloudie charriot seated,

Casteth

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

Casteth her mists on shadie *Tellus* face,
VVith sable mantels couering all the earth,
Now flies abroad amid the cheerfull day,
Foretelling some vnwonted miserie.
The snarling curres of darkened *Tartarus*,
Sent from *Aueruus* ponds by *Radamanth*,
VVith howling ditties pester euerie wood,
The warrie ladies and the lightfoote fawnes,
And all the rabble of the wooddie Nymphs,
All trembling hide themselves in shadie groues,
And shrowd themselves in hideous hollow pitts.
The boysterous *Boreas* thundreth forth reuenge.
The stonie rocks crie out on sharpe reuenge.
The thornie bush pronounceth dire reuenge.

Sound the alarme.

Now *Corineus* staie and see reuenge,
And feede thy soule with *Locrines* ouerthrow.
Behold they come, the trumpets call them foorth.
The roaring drummes summon the souldiers.
Loe where their army glistereth on the plaines,
Throw forth thy lightning mightie *Iupiter*,
And powre thy plagues on curld *Locrines* head.
Stand a side.

Enter *Locrine*, *Estrild*; *Affaracus*, *Habren* and their soldiers at one doore, *Thrasimachus*, *Guendolin*, *Madan* and their followers at an other.

Loc. VVhat is the tigre started from his caue?
Is *Guendoline* come from *Cornubia*,
That thus she braueth *Locrine* to the teeth?
And hast thou found thine armour prettie boy,
Accompanied with these thy stragling mates?

Beleeue

the eldest sonne to King Brutus.

Beleeue me but this enterprife was bold,
And well deserueth commendation.

Guen. I *Lochrine*, traiterous *Lochrine* we are come,
With full pretence to seeke thine ouerthrow,
What haue I don that thou shouldst scorn me thus?
What haue I said that thou shouldst me reiect?
Haue I bene disobedient to thy words?
Haue I bewrayd thy Arcane secrecie?
Haue I dishonoured thy marriage bed
With filthie crimes, or with lasciuious lusts?
Nay it is thou that hast dishonoured it,
Thy filthie minde orecome with filthie lusts,
Yeeldeth vnto affections filthie darts.
Vnkind, thou wrongst thy first and truest feer,
Vnkind, thou wrongst thy best and dearest friend.
Vnkind, thou scornst all skilfull *Brutus* lawes,
Forgetting father, vnclie, and thy selfe.

Estr. Beleeue me *Lochrine* but the girle is wise,
And well would seeme to make a vastall Nunne,
How finely frames she her oration.

Thra. *Lochrin* we came not here to fight with words
Words that can neuer winne the victorie,
But for you are so merie in your frumpes,
Vnsheath your swords, and trie it out by force,
That we may see who hath the better hand.

Loc. Thinkst thou to dare me bold *Thrasimachus*?
Thinkst thou to feare me with thy taunting braues,
Or do we seeme too weake to cope with thee?
Soone shall I shew thee my fine cutting blade,
And with my sword the messenger of death,
Seal thee an acquitace for thy bold attempts. *Exeunt.*

K

Sound

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

Sound the alarme. Enter *Locrine*, *Affaracus*, and a
souldier at one doore, *Guendoline*, *Thrasimachus*, at
another, *Locrine* and his followers driuen back.

Then let *Locrine* & *Estrilda* enter again in a maze.

Loc. O faire *Estrilda*, we haue lost the field,
Thrasimachus hath wonne the victorie,
And we are left to be a laughing stocke,
Scoft at by those that are our enemies,
Ten thousand souldiers armd with sword & shiel-
Preuaile against an hundreth thousand men.
Thrasimachus incenst with fuming ire,
Rageth amongst the faint heart souldiers.
Like to grim *Mars*, when couered with his targe
He fought with *Diomedes* in the field,
Close by the bankes of siluer *Simois*,

Sound the alarme.

O louely *Estrilda* now the chase begins,
Ner shall we see the stately *Traynouant*
Mounted on the coursers garnisht all with pearles,
Ner shall we view the faire *Concordia*,
Vnlesse as captiues we be thither brought.
Shall *Locrine* then be taken prisoner,
By such a yoongling as *Thrasimachus*?
Shall *Guendolina* captiuate my loue?
Ner shall mine eies behold that dismall houre,
Ner will I view that ruthfull spectacle,
For with my sword this sharpe curtleaxe,
Ile cut in sunder my accursed heart.
But O you iudges of the ninefold *Stix*,
Which with incessant torments racke the ghafts
Within the bottomlesse *Abissus* pits,

You

My selfe to King Brutus.

You gods commanders of the heauenly spheres,
Whole will and lawes irrevocable stands,
Forgiue, forgiue, this foule accursed sinne,
Forget O gods this foule condemned fault:
And now my sword that in so many fights (kisse his
Hast saued the life of *Brutus* and his sonne, (sword.
End now his life that wisheth still for death,
Worke now his death that wisheth still for death,
Worke now his death that hateth still his life.
Farwell faire *Estrild*, beauties paragon,
Fram'd in the front of forlorne miseries,
Ner shall mine eyes behold thy sunshine eyes,
But when we meet in the Elysian fields,
Thither I go before with hastened pace.
Farwell vaine world, and thy inticing snares.
Forwell foule sinne, and thy inticing pleasures.

And welcome death the end of mortall smart,
Welcometo *Locrines* overburthened hart.

Thrust himselfe through with his sword.

Estr. Break hart with sobs and greuous suspirs,
Streame forth you teares from forth my watry eyes,
Helpe me to mourne for warlike *Locrines* death,
Powre downe your teares you watry regions,
For mightie *Locrine* is bereft of life.
O fickle fortune, O vnstable world,
What else are all things that this globe containes,
But a confused chaos of mishaps?
VWherein as in a glasse we plainly see,
That all our life is but as a Tragedie.
Since mightie kings are subiect to mishap,
I mightie kings are subiect to mishap,
Since martiall *Locrine* is bereft of life,

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

Shall *Esrild* liue then after *Loctrines* death?
Shall loue of life barre her from *Loctrines* sword?
O no, this sword that hath bereft his life,
Shall now depriue me of my fleeting soule:
Strengthen these hands O mightie *Iupiter*,
That I may end my wofull miserie.
Lochrine I come, *Lochrine* I follow thee.

Kill her selfe.

Sound the alarme. Enter *Sabren*.

Sab. What dolefull sight, what ruthful spectacle
Hath fortune offred to my haplesse hart?
My father slaine with such a fatall sword,
My mother murthred by a mortall wound?
What *Thracian* dog, what barbarous *Mirmidon*,
Would not relent at such a ruthfull case?
What fierce *Achilles*, what hard stonie flint,
Would not bemone this mournfull Tragedie?
Lochrine the map of magnanimitie,
Lies slaughtered in this foule accursed caue,
Esrild the perfect patterne of renowne,
Natures sole wonder, in whose bewteous breasts
All heauenly grace and vertue was inshrinde,
Both massacred are dead within this caue,
And with them dies faire *Pallas* and sweet loue:
Here lies a sword, and *Sabren* hath a heart,
This blessed sword shall cut my cursed heart,
And bring my soule vnto my parents ghafts,
That they that liue and view our Tragedie,
May mourne our case with mournfull plaudities.

Let her offer to kill her selfe.

Ay me, my virgins hands are too too weake,

To

the else? Some to King Brutus.

To penetrate the bullwarke of my brest,
My fingers vsde to tune the amorous lute,
Are not of force to hold this steely glaine,
So I am liest to waile my parents death,
Not able for to worke my proper death.
Ah *Locrine* honord for thy noblenesse.
Ah *Estrild*, famous for thy constancie:
It may they fare that wrought your mortall ends.

Enter *Guendoline*, *Thrasimachus*, *Madan*,
and the souldiers.

Guen. Search souldiers search, find *Locrin* and his
Find the proud strumpet *Humbers* concubine, (loue,
That I may change those her so pleasing looks,
To pale and ignominious aspect.
Find me the issue of their cursed loue,
Find me yooing *Sabren*, *Locrines* only ioy,
That I may glut my mind with lukewarme blood,
Swiftly distilling from the bastards brest,
My fathers ghoast stil haunts me for reuenge,
Crying, reuenge my ouerhastened death,
My brothers exile, and mine owne diuorce,
Banish remorse cleane from my brazen heart,
All mercie from mine adamintiuie breasts.

Thra. Nor doth thy husband louely *Guendoline*,
That wonted was to guide our staillesse steps,
Enioy this light; see where he muredred lies:
By lucklesse lot and froward frowning fate,
And by him lies his louely paramour
Faيرة *Estrild* goared with a dismall sword,
And as it seemes, both muredred by themselues,
Clasping each other in their feebledd armes,

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

VVith louing zeale, as if for companie
Their vncontented corpes were yet content
To passe foule *Stix* in *Charons* ferry-boat.

Guen. And hath proud *Estrild* then preuented me,
Hath she escaped *Guendolinas* wrath,
Violently by cutting off her life?

VVould God she had the monstrous *Hidras* liues,
That euery houre she might haue died a death
VVorse then the swing of old *Ixions* wheele,
And euery houre reuiue to die againe,
As *Titius* bound to houldes *Caucason*,
Doth feed the substance of his owne mishap,
And euery day for want of foode doth die,
And euery night doth liue againe to die.
But staie, mee thinks I heare some fainting voice,
Mournfully weeping for their lucklesse death.

S4. You mountain nimphs which in these desarts
Cease off your hastie chase of sauadge beasts, (raign,
Prepare to see a heart opprest with care,
Addresse your eares to heare a mournfull stile,
No humane strength, no work can work my weale,
Care in my hart so tyrantlike doth deale.
You *Driades* and lightfoote *Satiri*,
You gracious Faries which at euening tide,
Your closets leaue with heauenly beautie storde,
And on your shoulders spread your golden locks,
You sauadge beares in caues and darkened dennes,
Come waile with me, the martiall *Locrines* death.
Come mourn with me, for beauteous *Estrilds* deth.
Ah louing parents little do you know,
What sorrow *Sabren* suffers for your thrall.

Guen.

The day. Come to King Brutus.

Guen. But may this be, and is it possible,
Lives *Sabren* yet to expiat my wrath?
Fortune I thanke thee for this curtesie,
And let me neuer see one prosperous houre,
If *Sabren* die not a reproachfull death.

Sab. Hard harted death, that when the wretched
Art furthest off, and sildom heerst at all. (call,
But in the midst of fortunes good successe,
Vncalled comes, and sheeres our life in twaine:
VVhen wil that houre, that blessed houre draw nie,
VVhen poore distressed *Sabren* may be gone.

Sweet *Atropos* cut off my fatall thred,
VVhat art thou death, shall not poore *Sabren* die?

Guendoline taking her by the chin shall say thus.

Guen. Yes damsell yes, *Sabren* shall surely die,
Though all the world should seeke to saue her life,
And not a common death shall *Sabren* die,
But after strange and greeuous punishments
Shortly inflicted vpon thy bastards head,
Thou shalt be cast into the cursed streames,
And feede the fishes with thy tender flesh.

Sab. And thinst thou then thou cruell homicid,
That these thy deeds shall be vnpunished?
No traitor no, the gods will venge these wrongs,
The fiends of hell will marke these iniuries.
Neuer shall these blood-sucking mastie cures,
Bring wretched *Sabren* to her latest home.
For I my selfe in spite of thee and thine,
Meane to abridge my former destenies,
And that which *Loqrines* sword could not performe,
This pleasant streame shall present bring to passe.
She drowneth her selfe.

Guen.

Guen. One mischief followes anothers necke,
 VVho would haue thought so yoong a mayd as she
 VVith such a courage wold haue sought her death.
 And for because this Riuer was the place
 VVhere little *Sabren* resolutely died,
Sabren for euer shall this same be call'd.
 And as for *Locrine* our deceased spouse,
 Because he was the sonne of mightie *Brute*,
 To whom we owe our country, liues and goods,
 He shall be buried in a stately tombe,
 Close by his aged father *Brutus* bones,
 VVith such great pomp and great solemnitie,
 As well be seemes so braue a prince as he.
 Let *Estrild* lie without the shallow vaults,
 VVithout the honour due vnto the dead,
 Because she was the author of this warre.
 Retire braue followers vnto *Troy* nowant,
 VVhere we will celebrate these exequies,
 And place yoong *Locrine* in his fathers tombe.

Exeunt omnes.

Ate. Lo here the end of lawlesse trecherie,
 Of vsurpation and ambitious pride,
 And they that for their priuate amours dare
 Turmoile our land, and see their broiles abroad,
 Let them be warned by these premisses,
 And as a woman was the onely cause
 That ciuill discord was then stirred vp,
 So let vs pray for that renowned mayd,
 That eight and thirtie yeares the scepter swayd,
 In quiet peace and sweet felicitie,
 And euery wight that seekes her graces smart,
 Wold that this sword wer pierced in his hart. (*Exit.*)

F I N I S.

